THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY 1806.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA.

THIS Princess is the second daughter of their present Majesties, and the sixth in order of the progeny of that illustrious house: she was born Nov. 8, 1768, and is, therefore, nearly two years younger than the Princess Royal, Charlotte Augusta Matilda; and both were named, in part, after Augusta, the King's Sister, married Jan. 17, 1764, to Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswic Wolfenbuttel.

To present a character like that of her Royal Highness to our Fair Readers, for the commencement of our New Series, must be a pleasure highly gratifying, and evince to them that we are anxious to offer to their view Personages eminently distinguished for every virtue that can adorn the Female Sex.

Were we to attempt to expatiate on every endearing quality that stands so conspicuous in her Royal Highness's character, it would encroach upon the space we intend giving to our Biography: suffice it to mention one, which displays itself in such glowing colours, and which characterizes, in such a superior degree, the rest of her august Family,—we mean, that true benevolence and goodness to all around her, being ever anxious to alleviate the wants and distresses of the indigent who present themselves to her notice. None were ever heard in vain; but all received the bounty of her hand. All who have the honor of knowing her Royal Highness, speak in the highest terms of this prominent feature of Christian Charity.

The Engraving prefixed is taken from an original Drawing; and it is our intention to present our readers with the Portraits of all the Royal Family, in order, engraved from Original Drawings by the same artist.

OLD WOMAN,

N° XCIV.

IF I should appear in this paper to mark fashionable pursuits with too much severity, let it be ascribed to the conviction of reason, not to the frigidity of age. Thank God, I still retain a taste for genuine pleasure myself, and I am never more happy than when I can promote in others that self-enjoyment which is suited to the various ages and conditions of human life. But when I hear of thousands being squandered away upon one fête, and reflect on the expensive dissipations in the metropolis, which in quick succession are obtruded on the public, during the carnival or spring months, I equally condemn the heart and the taste that can indulge in them, without sensibility or remorse.

Without society, it is impossible to render life supportable. We were born for an interchange of kind offices; and even the happiest find it necessary, by a communication of sentiments, and a social intercourse with those of the same rank, to escape the tædium of uniformity, and to give a new zest to their enjoyments. The poor man, after the toils of the day, delights to listen to his neighbour's tale, and to hear and communicate the little incidents that strew his path. The tradesman, after he shuts up shop, may occasionally indulge in frequenting the club, and amuse himself with reading the news, or warm his patriotism by a temperate discussion of public affairs. In like manner, the rich and the great may commendably give dinners to their friends, and pay visits in their turn; while the wives and daughters of men of every rank cannot reasonably be precluded from sharing in those relaxations which are suited to the circumstances of their husbands and fathers. A tea visit, a dance, a call of compliment, a little jaunt to diversify life, an auction, or a play, are not unsuitable to any situation, if the taste points that way, and circumstances allow its indulgence.

17 48 SEP

But what can be said in favour of routes, masquerades, and fêtes, which are given wholly out of ostentation, at an enormous expence, and are equally ruinous to the entertainer, and insipid to the entertained? when hundreds of persons are crowded, by invitation, into one set of rooms, when the business of a family has been neglected for days or weeks, merely to make an idle parade for a morning or a night, when seeing and being seen is the utmost gratification that can be derived from such assemblages and exhibitions, will the mind of a rational being be able to congratulate itself as it reflects on this wanton waste of the gifts of Providence, as it contemplates the misery it might have relieved at a far inferior expence, and the good it might have done with infinitely less fatigue and trouble. Is a flaming description in a mercenary newspaper, of the personages who honoured the Duchess of *Dickens's* route, or Lady *Lumber's* masquerade, to be compared with the applause of conscious worth and the blessings of one miserable object relieved—one heavy heart made glad? Indeed, if people of fashion had any sense of shame, they would rather be inclined to keep from the public eye and knowledge those extravagancies in which they seem to pride themselves so much, rather than to suffer them to be blazoned to the world. But let us suppose, what I am sorry to say I fear will never be brought to the test—let us suppose, that one person of fortune, whether male or female, and who has been in the habits of frequenting polite society, should be tempted, by way of singularity, to calculate the expences of a fashionable entertainment, and to determine to lay out with judgment and discrimination the same sum in acts of charity, how much more glorious would be the fame of the action than they can ever reach, who, vainly ostentatious, and ridiculously profuse, are pleased with the praise of *liberality*, which they do not deserve, and with *compliments* to their *taste*, at the expence of their understanding.

I know, indeed, one lady of rank who never gives balls or routes, and who is followed by admirers, without affecting to be admired, that places all her pleasure and her happiness in acts of munificence, and is more gratified to find out a worthy object whom she can relieve in secret, than if she had discovered a hidden treasure. Happy should I be were

I allowed to give her name: it is not without weight, and its influence might be felt. But the immediate objects of her benevolence seldom know the source whence it flows; and the objects of her bounty would forfeit her future confidence, were they to confess what she enjoins them to conceal. Her I would propose as a pattern for the affluent; and I can assure them, that I have never seen any one more happy than the amiable person I allude to.

But if the consideration of private distresses to be relieved, and shining merit to be patronized, should fail to influence the dissipated and the vain, let them think on public wants, and the claims which their country have on their superabundance. At a time when the greatest part of Europe is lying prostrate at the feet of a daring usurper, when the very independence of Britain is menaced, shall her sons and daughters indulge in extravagance, and drown in luxury the calls of genuine patriotism? Forbid it sense! forbid it virtue! We are arrived at that crisis in which peace is unattainable with any prospect of security, and when war, with all its horrors, is preferable to a hollow truce with an inveterate foe. Should we not then husband our resources; and if any person possesses more than his own wants, and the wants his family require, should he not devote it to the state, to the encouragement of its defenders, and to the overthrow of its enemies?

I am far from thinking of the position of public affairs with despondency. Our present rulers possess talents of the first order, and they will employ them with zeal, and I hope with success. But if we wish to second their endeavours, we must not clamour against every tax which they are obliged to impose on us. We must, on the contrary, tax our own unproductive and unsatisfactory luxuries, and appropriate the amount to the saving of the nation, and the necessary support of government. This conduct would shew that we cannot even be insulted with impunity. It would render us invincible in war, and respectable in peace. In a free country, some degree of simplicity of manners must always be preserved. Where general corruption and dissipation prevail, that nation must be verging towards ruin. Let us check their progress, by suffering reason to preside over our pleasures and amusements; so shall we

discharge our duty to God, to our country, and to ourselves.

In every age the influence of females has been powerfully felt. To all the charms of beauty my fair countrywomen unite every mental accomplishment that can render them irresistible. But they are too apt to be seduced by show; and, instead of directing the public taste to proper objects, they too frequently mislead it by their vanity and indiscretion. Could I once hear that Mrs. *Dolittle* had given up her parties, that the Marchioness of *Macshow* had determined to invite none but *friends* to her routes, and that the Duchess of *Doubledrum* had appropriated the savings of her annual festivities to the service of the state, or the support of indigence, I should glory in my sex, and my grey hairs would descend with comfort to the grave.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

IT is frequently, I believe, admitted, that poetry is more a work of the imagination than of reason; and it has frequently been asserted, (whether justly or not I shall not determine) that the fair sex are apt to be more under the dominion of the former than of the latter. Be this as it may, I have a daughter who conceives herself to possess a talent for poetry, and, indeed, to be an original genius. I sometime since drew up the few remarks that follow, and sent them to her by letter. But, on her return to town, she tossed up her head at me, hinted that no one but a genius should attempt to speak on original genius; and that none but a poet should write about poetry. I perceived it would be in vain for me to say any thing further, either by conversation or by writing, and therefore determined that I would put my thoughts in print. What is printed, I know sometimes impresses those who revolt at conversation and mere epistolary writing. Hoping that my daughter will attend to what I say, when published, (for I know she reads your Museum) though she slights my epistles, I request the favour of you to insert this, as a hint to original geniuses,

I am yours, &c.

JEREMIAH SLOW.

ON POETICAL GENIUS, AND ITS SUBJECTION TO RULE.

It is observed by Cicero, that of all men engaged in the study of the liberal arts, the number of excellent poets is least considerable. This he makes only as a cursory remark: but the reflections of that great man on the difficulties attending oratory, extend also to poetic compositions; and, without going into nice inquiries, or previously laying down any principles of criticism of our own, we may venture, from the observations of the best critics long since established, to draw these conclusions,—that true poetry is possessed of excellence which lies not within the reach of every genius—which cannot be carried to perfection but under the most favourable circumstances; and that the poet must be peculiarly gifted by nature. The writer, therefore, who undertakes to deliver rules for the exercise of poetry, must be prepared for mortification, and will be more fortunate than his predecessor if he be not supposed to take too much liberty for a critic, and to possess too little genius for a poet.

That some critics have set themselves up for arbitrary rulers in the arts and sciences shall not be denied—men, too, whom nature designed for more common men in her ranks, not for commanders of her chosen band—men, weak, credulous, superstitious, conceited through defect of talent, and arrogant for want of knowledge. But what then? Is not Nature herself subject to laws? Do not all the original elements, from which the world is generated, possess essential properties, and move according to stated principles? Are not the heavenly spheres directed by the laws of motion? Is not the sun itself subject to laws no less than the planets, whose movements that great luminary more immediately influences? Are not the comets, though apparently more irregular and eccentric, yet as strictly subject to order as the other bodies? Is not every thing on our earth possessed of its peculiar properties? Does not each move conformably to established laws? And has not each its appropriate organization? The winds, the rains, the fruits,

the flowers, the whole vegetable no less than the animal creation, are they not all subjected by the very circumstances of their existence, the original and unalterable energies of their nature?

Is it reasonable then to suppose, that the intellectual world is less orderly than the natural? that mind should be less accurate than matter? that the analogies and properties of sentiment, of taste, and even of fancy, are not as naturally to be accounted for as all the qualities which are possessed by bodies, and all the relations which they bear to each other? And, indeed, to put the question more directly, what is criticism but the display of those means by which superior geniuses arrived at excellence? When Aristotle laid down the principles on which the drama and epic should be constructed, he did but exhibit the practice of the most admired Grecian writers. Longinus, in his Treatise on the Sublime, does but give us examples from Plato, from Demosthenes, from Homer. To Homer he looked as an oracle: and when some great effort is to be ventured, the advice of Longinus is, to represent to yourself how Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, or Thucydides, would have expressed the same sentiments, in order to produce a sublime effect. In like manner Horace, though he recommends the poet to be acquainted with the writings of philosophers, as means of acquiring knowledge, yet sends him immediately to the Greek tragedians as exemplars of the poetic taste, and as the proper models for imitation. And what has been the practice of the French critics? To translate—for they have done little more—the writings of Aristotle and Horace. Boileau, in his Art of Poetry, and Bossu, when writing on epic poetry, copied the great masters of antiquity; so that, in fact, the most approved critics have only been the greatest admirers, and the most successful followers of the greatest poets.

But a person of genius is beyond ordinary criticism, and may set common rules at defiance: let him then be a law to himself. In the very act of spurning the inferior rules of critics, he is obedient (let not the expression offend) to the superior laws of reason: he may, perhaps, soar higher, and see further than ordinary critics; but he must not pass the bounds of fitness; he cannot perceive propriety amid

want of proportion. The man who transgresses these bounds, and sees such fantasms, loses himself in clouds, or buries himself in the darkness beneath; he is out of the right way, and by his act of defiance against that order which harmonizes the universe, gives proof, that he is neither a philosopher nor a poet, whatever he may think of himself as a genius. But, no, the highest flights of fancy are not mere castles in the air: they have a foundation in nature; otherwise they could not be pronounced excellent: and the superior genius, who revolts at the perpetuity of art, at the monotony of rules, is but trying new associations, plunging, if the expression may be allowed, into a mighty ocean; where, though the varieties are endless, yet symmetry and order prevail in every direction.

The poet then, who disdains the maxims of ordinary criticism, as reduced to an art, makes, it must be acknowledged, an experiment at some hazard: his experiment, however, may be crowned with success. The customs of ages are frequently the effects of the dawn of knowledge, arrested and perpetuated by authority, before it could produce complete day; and that authority can only be dispossessed by the proud confidence and daring exertions of genius. The philosophy of Aristotle, to which Europe had been so long devoted, was found, at length, erroneous, and was superseded by another philosophy: nor can his Art of Poetry, nor any art of poetry, be looked to as an infallible and complete director.

Yet objections have been too hastily made to laws of criticism by some, who are for preserving, undiminished, the claims of genius. To prescribe rules to poetic genius has been thought stripping the bee of its wings, and spreading before it a collection of flowers, lest it should wander too discursively, and extract too liberally from the choicest sweets. It should be permitted, they say, to take its free unlimited range, to enter the gardens most alluring to its nature, and to select the flowers most agreeable to its taste. 'This little natural chemist,' say they, 'left to itself, best knows the properties of those flowers which are suited to its purpose.'

The above allusion is ingenious; but a maxim half conceived being but half the truth, may be misinterpreted and

misapplied: thus it is with the frequent remarks on the impertinence of rules, and the freedom of poetic genius; for the bee, though it seems to range without restraint, is obedient to the laws of its nature: and it is generally allowed by naturalists, that what is called instinct is as much a law, and operates more uniformly, more infallibly, in the animal and brute creation, than reason in man. In like manner genius, however discursive, is yet consistent; and even when it makes a world of its own, and peoples it with beings of its own creation, must not live among them in mere caprice, or govern them by unintelligible or contradictory laws: no, there is poetical as well as metaphysical truth.

THE ETONIAN;

OR,

FRIENDSHIP CARRIED TO A FATAL LENGTH.

THOUGH it has been asserted that misfortunes are the consequence of imprudence, yet we frequently behold the most amiable characters struggling under their weight; and as often find that the vicious and unprincipled prosper in every undertaking of life.

I am led to make these reflections from having just taken leave of a young friend, who, if *worth* could have shielded their possessor from affliction, might justly have expected to enjoy an uncommon portion of earthly bliss; but as the young and inexperienced may be admonished by his misfortunes, I shall briefly relate them under a fictitious name.

Percival Manley was the eldest son of a clergyman in Dorsetshire, who, independent of church preferment, possessed a small estate of about two hundred a year, which, added to the annual produce from two rectories, enabled him to live in a respectable and gentleman-like style. Mr. Manley was a clergyman in the true sense of the expression: he was pious without being puritanical, and dignified without pride; and benevolence and the active virtues were so happily blended in his character, that he was at once the friend and benefactor of mankind. The sacred duties of his

office, united to the necessary attention which it was requisite to pay to the cultivation of his farm, prevented him from devoting as much time to his son's education as a boy of an emulous disposition required: at the age therefore of ten years, Percival was placed at a public school. *Generous* in his *disposition*, and *gentle* in his *manners*, the amiable boy soon obtained a number of friends; but to one, in particular, he formed a strong attachment, which time strengthened, and reciprocal fondness improved. In their persons, which were both beautiful, there was so singular a resemblance, that they might not only have been supposed brothers, but *twins*, and from this similarity they were called Castor and Pollux, by the rest of the boys. Though Charles Gordon was near eighteen months older than Percival, yet they were nearly of the same height. But this likeness only extended to their persons, for little similarity subsisted between their minds.

Charles, however, had saved the life of his school-fellow, and Percival's gratitude knew no bounds: for bathing one evening, (as is a general custom with the Etonians,) the latter, unfortunately, was seized with the cramp, and must inevitably have perished, but for the exertions of his friend. The mildness of Percival's disposition tempered the natural impetuosity of Gordon's, and was frequently the means of preventing him from getting into scrapes; and as the former always received an ample allowance from his father, the latter, whose weekly stipend was much more limited, found his wants readily supplied from his generous friend's purse. An attachment, formed from gratitude on one side, and convenience on the other, imperceptibly increased with their years, and the two boys never seemed to enjoy happiness if by accident they were apart.

Percival's father had placed him at Eton school, with the view of getting him upon the foundation, and afterwards removing him to King's*; but finding his friend was designed to become a merchant, he implored permission to follow the same line, declaring that his inclination did not lean towards the church. Ever anxious to promote the happiness, as well

* A college at Cambridge, appropriated to the Eton boys, who, if upon the foundation, are entitled to an handsome annual exhibition.

as the welfare of his children, the worthy Mr. Manley reluctantly consented to the wishes of his son, but soon afterwards thought it rather a fortunate circumstance, as by the sudden death of his patron, his hopes of obtaining farther preferment were lost.

Though a public education is not actually necessary for those who are intended for the mercantile line, yet he soon found the advantage of it, as his knowledge was greatly superior to the rest of the clerks, and he consequently not only became a favourite with his master, but with all the gentlemen in the same profession who frequented the house. The gentleman to whose care Percival was intrusted had a daughter, as lovely in person as she was amiable in mind; and as the young people generally spent their evenings in the society of each other, a mutual attachment soon took place, which was sanctioned by the approbation of their parents, who were each transported at the prospect of their children's future joys. As Louisa Dorville was an only daughter, Percival not only received a handsome dowry with her, but was taken into partnership by his father-in-law. If we can suppose it possible that human happiness is ever *completely perfect*, it certainly fell to the lot of the new-married pair, whose affection for each other was so exquisitely delicate, that they were incapable of enjoying any pleasure apart.

The tender affection which Percival felt for the amiable Louisa, did not, in the slightest degree, diminish his attachment for his friend; and as Charles Gordon had likewise commenced the man of business, for the affairs of commerce, as well as inclination, they frequently met. The same want of liberality which Mr. Gordon had displayed towards his son whilst at Eton, was persevered in after he entered into the mercantile line, and had he not frequently received assistance from the friend of his childhood, he must have been under the necessity of declining trade. The frequent embarrassments he suffered from the want of a sufficient capital, at length induced him to form the resolution of relieving them by marrying a *rich wife*; and possessing the advantage of a handsome person, he found little difficulty in accomplishing his views.

Chance introduced him to the acquaintance of a widow lady, somewhat stricken in years; but who had so completely concealed the deficiencies of nature, that she did not appear more than thirty-five. False teeth, false hair, false bosom, &c. with *lilies* and *roses* judiciously decorating her face, produced an effect rather agreeable, and Charles resolved to ply her with sonnets and sighs. This charming creature was the widow of a grocer, who had amassed an immense fortune in trade, and had left her undisputed mistress of three thousand a year. The early part of her life had certainly been sacrificed to the peevish caprices of a man more than twice her age, and she doubtless had passed through a fiery ordeal to obtain that independence which at his death she enjoyed.

The attention of so handsome a fellow as Gordon soon dissipated that sorrow which she pretended to feel; and the memory of the dear Mr. Malaga no longer received the well-feigned tribute of a tear. A smile of joy illumined her dejected countenance whenever the fascinating Charles appeared; and a declaration of *love* from lips adorned with *rubies*, was too impressive to be withstood. Margate happened to be the scene of courtship, and in less than six weeks after their first acquaintance, their future fate was combined. The delighted bridegroom, transported with his good fortune, felt impatient to have it shared by his friend. To Percival he had pretended that indisposition was the motive which induced him to visit the sea-shore; for not certain of success, and knowing he would condemn the very thought of an *interested marriage*, he resolved not to impart his intention until remonstrance would be vain.

The newspapers and the *post*, announced Gordon's fate at the same moment: in the letter, the bridegroom merely dwelt upon the *fortune* of his wife, without even touching upon her personal attractions, or the qualifications of her mind. His counting-house was in the adjoining street to that where Percival resided, and he had a neat lodging within a few doors; but he was now to remove his place of residence to a more *fashionable part* of the *town*, as the lady to whom he was united had an elegant house in Harley-street. Thither the new-married pair directed their course,

a few days after the irrevocable knot was tied; as the bride was anxious to display her possessions, and the doating husband impatient to see his friend.

Curiosity, as well as affection, carried Percival to Harley-street, a few hours after the arrival of the new-married pair, and with difficulty could he refrain from expressing his astonishment at the infatuation of Charles. That *self-interest* alone had influenced his conduct, was evident, for the manners of Mrs. Gordon were neither polished nor refined: but what made her appear ridiculous and contemptible was, she endeavoured to ape all the girlish folly of sixteen. That she was both *low-bred* and *uneducated* her conversation convinced him; and what was still more disgusting, she was *vain* and *weak*. But Charles, as if fearful of hearing his friend's opinion, when left together avoided all conversation about his wife; though upon the *enjoyments* her *fortune* would procure him, he expatiated with enthusiastic delight.

These enjoyments, however, were soon embittered by the unamiable temper of his spouse; whose affection was so extremely ardent, that she could not bear him to pay the slightest attention to any of her sex, and to the lovely Louisa she took so great an aversion, that she could not treat her with that civility common politeness required. Charles, on the contrary, was continually drawing comparisons between his *own* and his friend's *wife*, until *hatred* supplied the place of *indifference*, which he had not *delicacy* enough to conceal. That business by which he might have acquired fortune and respectability, was neglected for the fashionable pursuits of polished life: he kept a mistress, frequented gaming-houses, and drove the most dashing curricle that could be bought. Few couples were more completely the *ton*, than Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. They resided, it is true, in the same house, but never interfered with each others occupations; for the lady did not take the trouble of endeavouring to regain his heart, but compensated herself for the loss of her husband's *pretended* affection, by bestowing *hers* upon her *favourite* footman John.

John, in point of personal attractions, might certainly have vied with his master: the strength of Hercules, and the graces of Apollo were happily combined; and though education had not given a polish to his sentiments, he was

neither deficient in cunning or sense. The former taught him to practice the vulgar proverb of "make hay whilst the sun shines;" and whilst his master was lavishing his fortune upon illicit pleasures, he contrived to *drain* his *mistress's purse*.

The daily intercourse between Percival and Charles gradually subsided; for, as the former thought it a duty incumbent upon him to remonstrate and advise, the latter soon gave him fewer opportunities, and at length all appearance of friendship ceased. It terminated, however, *but in appearance*, for Percival soon felt warmly interested for the friend of his youth, and resolved to evince the sincerity of his attachment, if ever an opportunity occurred. In the short space of four years this opportunity presented itself; for Charles, impatient to secure that fortune which alone had induced him to enter into the marriage state, had not minutely examined into the jointure which Mrs. Malaga possessed, and was totally ignorant of its reverting to her husband's family after her decease. Frequently had Charles wished for his wife's dissolution, wholly ignorant that he should have reason to deplore that event; but when it occurred, he was too soon made sensible of his folly, as her former husband's relations were perfectly acquainted with the tenor of his will. Her jewels and furniture, which were at her own disposal, were all left to Mr. John Clarke; and Charles not only found himself stripped of every comfort, but overwhelmed with a load of debt.

Percival was no sooner made acquainted with this circumstance, than on the wings of friendship he flew to Harley-street; and knowing that Charles had entirely neglected all commercial business, with unprecedented generosity offered him a share in his own concern. "Life, my dear Charles," said he, "you will allow is more valuable than *fortune: mine* I can never forget that *you preserved*. As a tribute of gratitude, then, allow me the pleasure of making you some return."

Astonished at such an unexpected proof of friendship from the being whose counsel he had rejected, and whose society he had shunned, the repentant Charles was incapable of replying; but tears of gratitude expressed more than words. The lodging which he had formerly occupied was

again engaged for him. Without the slightest regret, he took leave of his friends at the West end of the town; and the people to whom he was indebted, knowing the high character of his partner, agreed to receive the amount of their bills by instalments, payable in four years.

Such a generous proof of friendship and attachment, one would have imagined, must have made an impression upon the most insensible heart; but the allurements of vice were too strong for a mind like Gordon's to resist them; and though for about six months he devoted his attention to business, he then frequented his old haunts, and those sums which ought to have been paid to his different creditors were *squandered away* upon *dice* and *cards*.

The noble-minded Percival too soon discovered, that the enthusiasm of friendship might be carried too far; and trembled with apprehension lest his beloved Louisa, and her innocent offspring, should become sufferers, from the imprudent conduct of Charles. Remonstrance, however, proved unavailing, for vice had completely hardened his heart, and readily finding the means of gratifying a propensity for gaming, he paid not the slightest attention to the intreaties of his friend.

Disease, the natural effect of *licentiousness*, at length prevented Gordon from following his vicious pursuits, and intemperance had so completely weakened his constitution, that he was wholly unable to resist its attack.—The physicians who attended him considered it a duty to apprize him of his approaching fate; when, horror-struck at the thoughts of dissolution, he implored them to preserve his life. "For "how (said he) shall I dare to appear in the presence of "my Maker with such a load of iniquity upon my head? "Oh, Percival! how have I requited your generosity! "Wretch that I am, I have involved you in debt!"—No reproaches escaped the lips of the generous Manley;—indeed, he then knew not the extent of the injuries he had sustained; but scarcely had death closed the eyes of his imprudent partner, when bills were presented to an enormous amount.

Unjust as it may appear, that the innocent should suffer for the guilty, yet so it happened in the present case; for the deed of partnership was such, as to subject Percival to

the payment of all his partner's debts.—If this misfortune had not extended to the objects of his affection, he would have supported it with fortitude and firmness of mind; but when he reflected that by his own imprudence (or rather by his too strong friendship) he had involved a beloved wife and children in distress, his grief became so violent, that it produced an alarming effect upon his health.

Louisa's father had paid the debt of nature a few months before this unfortunate partnership took place. He had imprudently joined in a bond with his wife's brother, and had the whole amount of it to pay; which preyed so deeply upon his spirits, that it was supposed to have shortened his days.—Notwithstanding this loss, he left Percival between six and seven thousand pounds; but relying upon his honour and affection, settled no part of that sum upon his child.—From this unfortunate proof of confidence, the amiable young woman was destitute of all support, for Gordon's debts amounted to more than his partner was worth; and the creditors, fancying he had concealed part of his property, inhumanly drew the innocent victim of generosity into gaol.

With the respected father of Percival Manley, I had long been in the habits of intimacy; and was on a visit, at the rector's, when the news of his misfortunes arrived; and as my old friend was confined, by a fit of the gout, to his apartments, I offered to take a journey to the metropolis, for the purpose of obtaining his release. This proposal was gratefully accepted: the old gentleman declared his readiness to resign his little estate to his son; but this, fortunately, had been settled upon Louisa, though it was not to revert to her until the death of her father-in-law. Happily, it was a support for this amiable woman and her children, and was beyond the reach of a set of harpies, for I could consider the creditors in no other light—a set of wretches, who, not satisfied with the property of a man whose every action had been honourable, deprived him of *Liberty*, the greatest blessing of life.

Upon arriving in London, I instantly went to the Compting House, and found the business was carried on by the clerks, for the benefit of the creditors, to whom about eighteen hundred pounds still remained due. After having

obtained the information I wanted, and having discovered that the creditors acted with greater rigour than the law would allow, I ordered the coachman to drive with all expedition to the Fleet.

Upon enquiring for Mr. Manley, I was directed to a small room up three pair of stairs; but, Great God! what a sight presented itself! and with what emotion did I view the affecting scene! The first thing I beheld, upon opening the door of this wretched apartment, was a table covered with a white cloth, and the lifeless form of an infant extended upon it, strewed over with faded flowers!—Kneeling by the side of a low bed, I beheld the *once-blooming Louisa*, who, with uplifted hands and eyes, appeared to be imploring her Maker to spare the life of another apparently expiring child, whilst Percival was pacing the room with an air of distraction, with a little boy, about two years of age, in his arms.

All the sympathies of human nature seemed suddenly contracted into a focus: my heart palpitated with such violence, I was scarcely able to respire; and, instead of being able to pour the balm of comfort into the wounds of the afflicted, I found myself incapable of articulating a word. A groan of anguish burst from my labouring bosom, which was re-echoed by the son of my old friend, when, grasping my hand with convulsive violence, he exclaimed, "Am I not endowed with *greater fortitude* than the gene-"rality of *men*, or would not my senses forsake me? but there is my *soother*, my *comfort*, and my *support!*"

As he said this, his voice faultered, and, clasping one arm round Louisa's waste, he reclined his head upon her bosom, and actually wept like a child. The apothecary at this moment entered, and in his person I recognized an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for many years. He felt the pulse of his little patient, and I perceived a smile of joy illumine his face:—"Your little angel will recover, (said he) my dear Madam! a wonderful alteration has taken place within a few hours."

"Ten thousand blessings light upon you!" exclaimed the delighted mother: then dropping upon her knees, "Merciful God! Oh, make me *thankful* for this *transport-ing news* of *joy!* Oh, my Percival, (she continued) how

light seem now our afflictions! My little darling *will live*, to reward us for our care!"

To do justice to the scene which followed would be impossible: the agitated father put down his little boy, and, in a transport of tenderness, caught the object of his affection in his arms, and, after wetting her face with tears of joy and gratitude, fondly embraced the little suffering child; then turning towards the lifeless infant, "Angel of innocence! (he exclaimed) your *wretched father* has been your *murderer!* you would have been *smiling* upon him *now*, had you never entered this accursed place! There is contagion within these walls, and pestilence in each apartment! Yet Heaven, in its mercy, will spare your sister's life!"

I had frequently heard it observed, that females were much better able to struggle with misfortune than our sex; and now I had a positive proof; for the amiable Mrs. Manley seemed no longer to feel the weight of affliction, so delighted was she at the prospect of her child being restored. Percival, by degrees, became composed and collected. The worthy apothecary proposed repeating the same medicine to the child; and with that candour which is not generally practised by men of his profession, declared, that *James's powders* could alone have preserved its life. Finding that he was the friend of the injured Manley, I informed him of the discovery I had made; and with a warmth which did honour to his feelings, he implored me to make the celebrated Mr. Garrow acquainted with the case, at the same time offering to accompany me to that gentleman's house. The attorney whom Percival had consulted, had evidently proved himself a *fool*, or a *knave*; for upon merely examining Coke and Blackstone I easily found that the creditors had gone beyond the letter of the law, and had rendered themselves liable to a prosecution, for imprisoning a man who had given up his all, to pay debts which he had never contracted, the greater part of which were from *losses* at *cards*.

The learned counsellor, the moment he heard a candid statement of the circumstances, declared, that Percival had been the most injured of men; and with an ardency which evinced the benevolence of his sentiments, entered warmly into his cause. The lawyer who had been employed to

arrest this worthy young man, no sooner heard *who* it *was* with whom he had to *contend*, than he professed a readiness to persuade his clients to grant the prisoner's release, and allow him to return to his business—but this proposition came too late.

Released he will be, and that immediately; yet not from favour, but by *right*; and it is doubtful to me, whether he will not recover damages to a large amount. His fortune may be restored, but where will he find compensation for the loss of peace of mind? or how can those unfeeling men ever enjoy a moment's happiness, when they reflect, that through their unfeeling severity he *lost* a *beloved child?*

In the room which this devoted family was destined to occupy, a person had died of a putrid fever a few days before they arrived, and the children caught the fatal contagion more readily than their parents, from being accustomed to live in the air: this circumstance I was by accident made acquainted with, by one of the unfortunate prisoners in the Fleet. I instantly complained of the keeper's inhuman conduct in putting a family into an infected room, and insisted upon their immediate removal to a different part of the house. The master of the prison allowed a person had died in that apartment, but most sacredly assured me *not* with an infectious disease; and without the slightest hesitation ordered another room to be prepared, professing sincere regret for the misfortune which had unexpectedly occurred.

In spite of all my intreaties, the unhappy mother would see her beloved infant conveyed to its last home; I therefore resolved to accompany her in this pious office, and am just returned. Finding sleep disinclined to visit my eye-lids, I resolved to amuse myself by writing a sketch of my young friend's life; under the idea that his misfortunes are not of the *uncommon kind*, but that the relation of them may be the means of preventing *others* from feeling their weight.

Partnerships have proved the ruin of thousands. They should be entered into with as much precaution as the marriage state; for if either party is deficient in probity, or principle, inevitable ruin must occur. To serve a *real friend*, we ought to hazard something; but the first object to be considered is the *interest* of a *wife*, and those dear pledges of conjugal felicity which cement the bonds of

the marriage state. Percival's attachment to his friend exceeded the bounds of prudence, for vicious habits are not easily overcome; yet he has youth on his side, and I still flatter myself he will live to become a wealthy man.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those ill-fated beings whose doom it was to marry a *fashionable wife;* and not knowing where to address the lady who styles herself The *Female Mentor,* I flatter myself with the hope that, through the channel of your intelligent publication, she will become acquainted with the misfortune of which I complain; and as she has frequently given advice both to *married* and *unmarried* ladies, that she will kindly bestow a little upon my precious rib.

My misfortunes, however, Sir, are not to be dated from the hour of marriage: they actually commenced at my birth, for I was the only offspring of a couple who did not enter into the holy state until they were rather *advanced* in *life.* Their attachment had been near five and twenty years standing. My father was bred to the church; but not having the good fortune to obtain preferment, he was unable to gratify the wishes of his heart by an early marriage; but chance, at length, introduced him to the acquaintance of an old gentleman who bore the same name; who, from that accidental circumstance, resolved to leave him a very fine estate, and dying of an apoplectic fit soon after this capricious whim had seized him, my father came into the possession of near three thousand a year.

My unexpected arrival upon the theatre of existence was celebrated with every testimony of joy—bells ringing, guns firing, and oxen roasted whole, proclaimed me a personage of as much consequence as if I had been heir to a throne. My nurse tells me, that at that period, I was as fine a chubby fellow as ever was beheld; though the over-anxious fondness of my parents soon destroyed even the *appearance* of health; and I became a little puny half-starved bantling,

whom no creature thought it possible ever to rear. The weight of apparel with which I was enveloped kept me in a constant state of perspiration: my natural size was as much reduced as any jockey's that ever rode a match upon Newmarket-heath; and my constitution was debilitated from never being suffered to breathe the fresh air when the wind was in the *north* or *east*.

All those exercises which strengthen the mental and bodily faculties, were, upon pain of punishment, forbidden: in short, the whole system of my education was calculated to destroy the active powers of my mind, and render me an object of ridicule to my own sex, and a contemptible being in the opinion of the fair. Though at first I rebelled against the orders of my parents, and in spite of precaution would sometimes play at trap-ball with the groom, yet my health soon became so materially affected, that I had not the slightest wish to partake of athletic sports. Reading then became one of the highest gratifications; but my mamma soon made the wise discovery that it had affected my eyes; and books were more strongly prohibited than those amusements, of which I had no longer a desire to partake. As public and private schools were held in equal abhorrence, I remained under the tuition of my mother until I was near twelve years of age, when, as my health began to amend, I became anxious to obtain greater improvement of mind; and actually teazed my parents so perpetually upon the subject, that at length they consented to my having a tutor in the house.

Under the direction of this amiable man, the powers of my mind daily expanded; though we were actually under the necessity of devoting those hours to study which ought to have been passed in sleep; for my mother seldom left us together, and would not suffer me to read more than forty minutes at a time.—In the most beautiful passages of *Homer* and *Virgil*, we were frequently interrupted by the holding up of a watch, and my mother's constant exclamation of, "Indeed, Mr. Lambert, you will quite stupify my son! Take a turn, my dearest Frederick, in the shady part of the garden, for you really look quite pale."

These marks of maternal fondness were so regularly repeated, that, instead of calling forth my gratitude, they ex-

cited chagrin; and had not my worthy preceptor pointed out the love and duty which I owed her, I am persuaded they would have produced a total want of respect. At the expiration of two years, my tutor was presented with a college living. I was perfectly inconsolable at my loss; for I loved him with all the warmth of a friend, blended with the respect due to a master, who had the future welfare of a pupil tenderly at heart. My father, unfortunately, was a very opposite character to Mr. Lambert, for he had so long been accustomed to live as it were alone, that he had contracted a variety of habits which he could not easily overcome; and it is doubtful to me whether he was not happier with his fellowship at Trinity college, than he was when he unexpectedly became master of a beautiful estate.

A short time after the departure of my respected tutor, another was engaged to supply his place; but the manners of the two men were so totally dissimilar (and the measles, from which I had imperfectly recovered, had left such a debility behind), that I no longer derived any pleasure from instruction; in short, I had every symptom of a rapid decline. My tutor was dismissed, and my parents hastened with me to Bristol, and I soon began to derive benefit from its salutary springs; but the sudden death of my father, by being thrown out of his phaeton, gave my poor shattered frame such a shock, that my mother expected to have been both widowed and childless in the course of a few weeks.

I recovered, however, to the astonishment of my physicians; and after passing eighteen months at Bristol returned to Bingham Lodge, which was the name of the estate I was designed to become master of, and one of the most beautiful spots that nature ever formed. On the day I reached the age of twenty-one, my mother insisted upon making similar rejoicings to those which had been displayed at my birth: to this proposal I objected, but readily consented to an elegant supper and ball. All the respectable families in Nottinghamshire, of course were invited: Sir Charles Bridgnorth was of the number, who brought with them a lady from town, who paid me, during the evening, those pointed attentions which could not fail making an impression upon a young man wholly ignorant of the world. Her face was handsome without being *pleasing*; and there was an haughty

air about her to every person but myself, which at once gratified my vanity, and inspired respect.

In short, Mr. Editor, this accomplished lady had resolved, from the first moment of our acquaintance, to become my wife; for three thousand a year carry *three thousand charms with them*, in the opinion of a complete woman of the world. Miss Leonora C—— was the daughter of a Scotch Baronet, and as pride was the only portion she possessed, fortune, of course, became her object; yet for ten years she had unsuccessfully practised her arts upon our sex, for the *knowing ones* had too much penetration to be easily taken in. She was no stranger to the manner in which I had been educated; a man who so entirely submitted to the guidance of a mother she naturally concluded would easily be *led* by a wife, and an overbearing temper told her, she *ought to marry a perfect Jerry Sneak*. Sir Charles Bridgnorth having penetrated into his fair relation's motive, not only gave me a general invitation to his house, but did not even suffer a day to pass without forming some pleasurable party, where my company was required.

The pointed attentions of a fine woman, who received the civilities of every other man with coldness, soon produced the desired effect; and I thought I should enjoy the most supreme felicity if I could but obtain the lovely creature's hand. Her down-cast eyes and embarrassed manners convinced me that no obstacle, on *her part*, would arise; but my mother, unfortunately, had taken an aversion to her from having completely discovered her design; and I could not feel comfortable at the idea of marrying a woman whom she so evidently disliked.

The patience of Leonora began to be exhausted at finding no absolute overture of marriage made, and my mother having displayed a few symptoms of aversion, she resolved to attack *her* on her weak side.

Ladies who have reached the grand climacteric, Mr. Editor, or who are vulgarly characterized by the appellation of *old maids*, generally display those attachments which nature has implanted in the female bosom, by a violent fondness for the animal race; and my mother, in spite of her maternal affection, still preserved an inviolable attachment to dogs, birds, and cats.—A small spaniel of King Charles's

breed, which was presented to my mother, with a complimentary note upon her fondness for the canine race, first paved the way for that warmth of affection which a Persian cat and a piping bulfinch inspired; and instead of the slightest objection being raised against my marriage, Leonora, in the opinion of my mother, was the only being deserving my hand. We, accordingly, became *one*, Mr. Editor, in less than three months after our first acquaintance; but never were two persons so totally dissimilar in mind: my wife lives but in a continued round of dissipation, and has no enjoyment from the pleasures of domestic life: books (of every species but *novels*) are her aversion, whilst the little portion of happiness I experience, is greatly derived from that source. Those attentions, which at first won my affection, were totally discontinued before the expiration of the honeymoon; even the smallness of my stature (which improper mode of treatment during infancy doubtless occasioned) subjects me to remark and ridicule.

I have frequently, it is true, observed advertisements of the same nature, but I always conceived them to have been the production of a *demirep*; for it appeared impossible that a woman of *delicacy* could measure the *good qualities* of a *servant* by his *height*; and there doubtless is something so derogatory to common *decency* in the idea, that I cannot help wishing the *Female Mentor* would express her sentiments upon the impropriety of any lady exposing her character to the animadversions of the public, by such an infringement upon that delicacy which *adorns the female sex*. This advertisement for a *tall footman*, Mr. Editor, has been productive of a most serious altercation, as I could not help considering it an *insult to myself*; yet do not suppose that I apprehended this Goliath was to cornute me; yet from the improper mode adopted during childhood, I am a diminutive man when compared with the Prince of Wales's porter, or any being of Herculean height.

Seven years have now elapsed since I entered into the *holy state of matrimony*, and seven weeks of happiness, Mr. Editor, I never have enjoyed; for the overbearing disposition of my unfortunately-chosen companion would, I am persuaded, excite dissension in the realms of bliss, if it

were possible that such a warfaring creature could obtain admission into the mansions of peace.

The existence of my parent, I firmly believe, was shortened by the treatment she received from my unamiable wife; who having once obtained her object, thought it no longer necessary to observe the common forms of respect. You may form some opinion, Sir, of the real unhappiness of my situation, when I tell you, that I should rejoice in discovering the woman who bears my name practising the arts of *intrigue*; but her heart is *too cold*, and her disposition *too selfish*, for her to be guilty of any action that the *law* could *reach*. Well does she know the length of her tether; she hourly insults me by receiving, with *apparent delight*, the attentions of every other man; yet she artfully contrives never to deviate from propriety, for though carefully watched, I have never discovered her guilty of what might be termed an *imprudent* act. Totally ignorant of the world, and imposed upon by her pretended affection, I intreated Sir Charles Bridgnorth to superintend the marriage deeds, which were drawn up so completely in favour of Leonora, that I must forfeit half my income if a separation was to take place, unless I could prove levity of behaviour, or some manifest breach of propriety, in the conduct of my wife.

That Leonora married me merely to obtain a *good settlement*, is evident; and the delicate state of my health at that period, gave her reason to suppose she would soon enjoy that independence she was so anxious to procure; yet, as if Providence ordained disappointment to the *self-interested*, I seem to have taken a new lease of my life, and for the last four years I have not had a single complaint. My mind, during this state of convalescence, has acquired a kind of callousness which I thought it impossible ever to possess; but disappointed hopes, and fallacious expectations, make a revolution in the human heart; and the being whom nature has endowed with acuteness of feeling may, from having his sensibility continually *sported with*, find his disposition totally changed. This, doubtless, has been my case, Mr. Editor; and were there not ties which bind me to Leonora, I should become totally indifferent to the conduct she pursued; but when I view the angelic countenance of

my three lovely children, I cannot help feeling *some remains of tenderness* for the mother. Their sex, which peculiarly claims maternal solicitude, doubly endears them to my heart; yet their mother pays not the slightest attention to the formation, or improvement of their minds. On this interesting subject it is, Sir, that I wish the Female Mentor to *expatiate;* and to point out the various *duties* of a *mother* to a *child.* For my eldest daughter (who has just completed her seventh year,) a French governess has been provided, who to me appears calculated to impress the most dangerous sentiments upon her mind; as she is a lump of affectation, full of *coquetry, deceit,* and *guile.*

It was in vain that I remonstrated against Mademoiselle La Brun's reception into my family, and intreated that the widow of a clergyman, who had superintended the education of a friend's children, might be intrusted with the care of mine. A torrent of invectives was poured out against this amiable woman, merely because she was a favourite of mine. In the education of a son I was allowed some prerogative; but I was told that the *law* placed a *female* totally under the *mother's care.* In short, Mr. Editor, though not conquered by *reason,* I was totally subdued by the overwhelming powers of speech.

The artifices practised by our sex, upon the *unsuspecting* and inexperienced, have frequently afforded subject for animadversion and reproof; but I will beg leave to ask the candid and impartial Female Mentor, whether she does not think the same deceptions are practised by *her own?* I certainly had as little idea of marrying as I had of becoming emperor of China on the fatal night that my twenty-first year was celebrated by a ball; and though Miss C—— struck me as a fine woman, there were many much *more beautiful* in the room; yet my vanity was gratified by her attentions, and, in fact, *my affections* were *seduced.*

A woman of thirty, endowed with personal attractions, is a dangerous assailant to a young man unacquainted with the world, and very few, I am of opinion, would be able to resist their pointed attacks. Had Leonora possessed an amiable disposition, we might have been happier than if I had married a female of my own age; for her knowledge of the world would have supplied the want of experience,

and I should not only have *loved*, but *respected* my *wife*.—But she too soon convinced me that *fortune* had been her object, and that *affection* was a stranger to her heart. With a silken cord I might have been conducted, but my feelings revolted against an iron rod. From a sense of *duty* I had submitted to the admonitions of a parent, but every manly sentiment was roused at the bare idea of passive obedience to a wife. In no one instance are our tastes similar, and Leonora refuses and sacrifices hers to mine. For our innocent offsprings' sake alone do I submit to her caprices, and waste the best years of my life in a round of dissipated pleasures, which the natural delicacy of my constitution renders me unable to enjoy. Regular hours and country occupations strengthen my body and gratify my mind; yet three months only in the year am I able to persuade Leonora to pass at our lovely retreat; the remainder are either spent at the metropolis, or at some fashionable watering-place.

Without feeling one spark of maternal affection, she insists upon the children being the companions of her jaunts, for no one purpose but that of tormenting, as I evidently perceive the air of London *disagrees* with the dear girls. Upon this subject, Sir, I have gone farther than remonstrance: I told Leonora at her peril to take them to town, as where the health of my children was concerned, I would exert that authority which every father had a right to display. At this assertion the provoking creature burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, my dear HERCULES! do not *terrify* me with the sight of your enormous club, and I will be all submission to your supreme commands!" Exasperated beyond all endurance, by this insulting mode of conduct, I hurried out of the room, and ordering my horses, rode to a friend's house, in whose society I endeavoured to forget my domestic inquietudes, and with whom I remained until a late hour.

When the servant opened the door, I enquired whether his mistress had retired to her chamber. "My mistress, Sir!" repeated the man, staring with surprise, "you forget, Sir, that my mistress and the young ladies set off for London about two hours after you quitted the lodge." To prevent myself from appearing contemptible in the fellow's opinion, I was forced to invent a lie. "*True*," I replied, "I actually

had forgotten it; but it was quite a sudden resolve, in consequence of a letter which she received by the post."

"There has been a sad affray, Sir," continued Thomas, "between my mistress and the groom; for he said as how you had ordered the horses to be physic'd, and as how it might be the *death* of *them* to go *out!*" "Well, and how the devil did they settle it?" I eagerly enquired. "Oh, settled it, Sir; why Madam insisted that it would do them no harm; and said as how your Honour had ordered them to go the *first stage*. But George swore they should not go out of the stable, if it cost him his place; upon which I was sent to Sir George Bridgnorth's with a letter, and he came post haste; but, howsomedever, when he *saw* the *poor animals*, he told Madam it would be their death if they moved; and to make things easy, he offered my mistress the use of his coach, which Madam, after a deal to do, accepted, yet not until she had turned poor George away, and locked up the stable; but we none of us can find where she put the key, and we dare not break the door open, though the poor things have neither had *bit* or *drop* since the clock struck three."

This mode of conduct, Mr. Editor, you will allow is preaching the *Rights* of *Women* with a vengeance. For these horses I had paid two hundred and twenty guineas but the week before; and in the purchase I had actually been favoured, as they were intrinsically worth a much larger sum. Upon examining every place where I thought the key might have been deposited, without success, we broke open the door of the stable, and found one of the horses almost dead, from the want of a mash, which the farrier had particularly desired might be administered early in the afternoon.

Poor George, though dismissed, had lurked about the premises, doubtful whether I should *applaud* or *condemn* the conduct he had pursued. I instantly reinstated him in the situation which he had filled to my satisfaction upwards of seven years, making one condition with him, which was, that he would not mention to any creature that he had been *discharged*; "for though, my honest fellow," said I, "you did but *your duty*, yet I should not chuse to have it known that I had replaced you in a situation from which, by your

mistress, you had been discharged; for though her passions are strong, and she has not been accustomed to opposition, I am persuaded she will be glad to see you restored to your place."

Nearly a fortnight has now elapsed, Mr. Editor, since my amiable companion's excursion to town, and I am inclined to believe she is of opinion that she has carried the *Rights of Woman* too far; for though I have not received a line of apology from her, I have had two letters from my eldest girl, informing me that her mother is very anxious to know when I *intend coming* to *town*. I have done violence to my inclination by not replying to these affectionate epistles from a child whom I perfectly adore; yet, knowing my wife regularly takes in your intelligent publication, Mr. Editor, she will discover the sentiments her conduct has inspired, though I have expressed them under a feigned name, from a motive of delicacy to *her* as well as myself.

There is a paper, Mr. Editor, in the *Spectator* or *Guardian*, (though at the present moment I cannot tax my memory in which it appeared,) describing domestic animosities which had been carried to the greatest excess, but which were happily terminated by the advice which those periodical papers contained; and it is from the hope that a similar advantage may arise from *yours*, or the Female Mentor's admonitions, that I have pursued a similar plan. Should the step I have taken fail of producing an alteration in the conduct of the being whom, by the sacred laws of the Deity, I am bound to cherish and support, I am resolved to put an end to all strife and animosity by an appeal to my country's laws; and though, from total ignorance of those laws at the period of my marriage, I gave up an undue portion of property to my wife, yet I have too high an opinion of the character of the present Lord Chancellor to suppose he would sanction the conduct of a woman who endeavoured to destroy a husband's peace of mind, and, not satisfied with being *mistress* of a respectable family, infringes upon the *master's* privileges likewise.

At Bingham Lodge I purpose remaining until after the publication of your next number, that I may have a decided proof of the effect a *public complaint* may produce;

yet, to shield Leonora from the mortification which an exposure of her conduct might occasion, I have given a fictitious name to my house.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
FREDERICK.

Bingham Lodge, May 12, 1806.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH the opinions of an old bachelor upon the subject of *matrimony* have but little chance of making a *deep impression* upon your fair readers minds, yet, as I have had frequent opportunities of making my observations upon the few happy unions which take place, by inserting a description of them it will, at least, apologize for my chusing to lead a *single life*.

By example we are taught much easier than by precept: we readily discover the *mote* in our neighbour's eye; whilst the *beam*, which darkens our own perceptive faculties, is actually suffered to obscure our sight. I have always considered marriage as a foretaste of future *joys* or *punishments;* a kind of heaven, or hell, upon earth; and though some few souls may find it an intermediate situation, yet such it certainly proves to the general mass. When I assert that there are but *few happy marriages*, I mean it to be understood, that I judge from the circle of my own friends, which, allow me to say, is by no means contracted—for *Fortune* imperceptibly procures the acquaintance of both sexes. My house is good, my gardens are extensive, and I am never so happy as when the former is filled: therefore, if I have not a numerous set of *friends*, I certainly have a large train of acquaintance, by whom I am frequently visited, and whom I occasionally visit in turn.

About two years back I was invited to spend a fortnight with a distant relation, who had just entered into the marriage state, and who, expecting to enjoy some part of my

possessions, was anxious to introduce me to his wife. The lady was about one and twenty, and her husband, whom I shall merely distinguish by the name of Adolphus, exactly twenty-eight; and, independently of his profession, he had an estate of about three hundred a year. At the time of my visit they had been married about nine weeks; the *honey-moon*, of course, had expired; yet I could not help fearing my presence would be an intrusion, or kind of check upon the mutual display of tenderness and love. I happened to arrive about an hour before supper. The bride required not the adventitious aid of dress; notwithstanding which, her person was adorned with a variety of ornaments —in fact, she was as much decorated as if going to a ball.

This studied appearance, Mr. Editor, I confess, rather prejudiced me against her, for I think, with the poet, that "Loveliness unadorned is adorned the most." I took myself to task for thinking uncharitably of my new relation, and was resolved to consider her dress a compliment intended me. Supper was soon announced: we retired to another apartment; but scarcely had the servant removed a cover from the top dish, when Adolphus remarked, in a peevish accent, that his wife "knew he *detested* rabbits fried."

"That is excellent!" retorted the lady, "it was but last Thursday you declared you hated them either *roasted* or *boiled*, and liked them fried, on account of the *crisped parsley*, of which you were remarkably fond."

"Why I never eat crisped parsley by any chance, my *dear Amelia!*"—Observe, Mr. Editor, that my *dear* Amelia was pronounced with a kind of satiric grin, which seemed to convert *my dear* into *my devil;* and the lady appeared perfectly to understand what it meant, for she exclaimed, "I am sure, if I was to study your appetite from June to January, not one dish in all that time would please; but I shall give it up, Sir," continued she, smiling, and addressing herself to me; "I wish you would give your relation a *good lecture*, for I believe you are the only one he fears.—Heigh ho! I wish I had never married: yet I believe all the men are alike—all kindness and attention before the ceremony, and all dissatisfaction and ill humour as soon as it has taken place."

"Whilst you are haranguing upon the discomforts of matrimony, Amelia," rejoined Benedict, "recollect the supper is getting cold; and as Mr. L. has been the greater part of the day travelling, I should suppose he would be glad to have something to eat." "Your observations are very just, sir," retorted the lady, putting a piece of rabbit upon my plate, and directing a glance towards her husband, not of the most affectionate kind. A lobster was placed near Adolphus, which, after dressing, he declared not to be *fresh*. "Is there any other thing which you can find fault with?" enquired Amelia; "I verily believe there are *chickens* in those eggs: suppose you break one, my dear, by way of an experiment, and I dare say it will call cock-a-doodle-do."

"How insufferably provoking!" exclaimed the disconcerted husband, at the same time giving away his plate. Amelia burst into a violent fit of laughter, whilst her angry spouse amused himself with biting his nails.

Happy, enviable state of *wedlock!* thought I. What a fortunate dog I am to have escaped the petty dissensions which embitter all the blessings of life. Perceiving that Adolphus preserved a sullen silence, "You are an entertaining companion," said I, "it must be owned." "Oh, sir! this is nothing, he will remain in the sulks eight and forty hours," said Amelia, casting a look towards him of ineffable contempt.

"I beg you a thousand pardons," rejoined Adolphus, "but I have had a number of things to vex me to-day; and Amelia, instead of attempting to sooth my temper, always contrives to augment my spleen: but John, give us a glass of wine. To your *reformation*, madam." To the removal of your *ill-humour*, my *sweet*, *irritable sir*," retorted the new-married lady, making her husband a profound bow.

That *this* was no new scene was evident, by the perfect composure both parties afterwards assumed. The evening, however, closed much more pleasantly, and all was my *life*, my *darling*, my *dear*, and my *love*. As self-enjoyment, however, was the motive which induced me to pay a visit to this newly-married pair, I resolved not to subject myself to a second domestic jarring, but ordered my horses at an early hour, and leaving a short note for Adolphus, quitted the family before he arose.

My next visit was to the amiable Maria, a young lady who had been left under my care; and whose sweetness of disposition inspired me with the tenderest regard. Maria was all *soul* and *sensibility*; and from the moment of her arriving at woman's estate, I had been all solicitude to see her settled, and to find a man capable of appreciating her worth. Maria, however, unfortunately thought it adviseable to chuse her partner for life, and placed her affections upon a man whose impetuous temper was universally known. Nothing could be said in favour of this ill-fated attachment; there was neither fortune, situation, nor any thing to attract, except that of a *handsome person:* yet Maria was endowed both with refinement and sense. Every argument that could be urged I made use of; but, alas! without the desired effect, and, in spite of all persuasion, the indissoluble knot was tied.

At the time of my visit Maria had been about seven months married, and was far advanced in a pregnant state, and at unexpectedly seeing me walk into her garden, her lovely countenance was suffused with a blush of delight. Her situation excited an additional interest—never had she appeared half so attractive in my eyes. "Surely," said I mentally, "the reports I have heard are unfounded! No man could behave ill to a creature so divine!" I had never seen Leander since his marriage, yet too well I knew that his temper was naturally bad. In less than half an hour after my arrival he made his appearance: a smile of welcome illumined his face; and when Maria left us, for the purpose of giving some direction to her servants, he informed me, that she was the most amiable of her sex, and that he was envied by every creature in the village, as his adored Maria was universally beloved, and admired.

"I rejoice, (said I) my dear Sir, at finding you are sensible of the intrinsic excellence of your wife: so high an opinion did I always entertain of her, that I scarcely conceived it possible to find a man worthy of such a prize, and had I been twenty years younger, I would have disputed my right with you." Maria, at this instant, joined us. "We were talking of *you*, my beloved girl," said Leander, warmly pressing her with violence to his heart. There was something more of the violence of *passion*, than of the gentleness

of pure love, in this action. Maria complained that his button had hurt her side, when, with a degree of rudeness, for which I could have knocked him down with pleasure, he pushed her hand from his arm, exclaiming, "By G—! one would imagine that you were made of wax; for you shrunk from my touch as if you were fearful of being broken into a thousand parts."

"No, my love;" replied the gentle creature, "but indeed your button hurt my breast."—"Well, the next time I kiss you," replied the savage, "you shall not complain." I darted at the monster a look of indignation, which the blushing Maria perceived. "Do not," said she, "accustom yourself to speak so harshly, or my guardian will think you quite a brute: it is merely his way, Sir," continued she, smiling, "for he would be *miserable* if he really thought I was hurt."

A servant at this moment informed Leander that he was wanted. I drew Maria's hand under my arm: "My sweet girl," said I, "let me candidly ask you, are you happy with the object of your choice?" "Yes," replied Maria, with a sigh, that penetrated to the inmost recesses of my heart, whilst her azure eyes, in spite of her endeavours, involuntarily filled with tears. "Your appearance, Maria, contradicts that assertion:" and clasping my hands together, I exclaimed, "Great God!" "Indeed," said the charming creature, "*I am happy;* but my spirits have lately not been very good, and the unexpected sight of a friend whom I consider as a parent, has softened every feeling of my heart." Perceiving her husband approaching, she turned into another walk, fearing he should perceive her emotion, and too easily suspect the real cause.

We soon received a summons to dinner. Leander then appeared very attentive to his wife, and carefully selected for her those parts of which she was fond. This mode of conduct pleased me; but entering into conversation after the cloth was removed, Maria happened to differ in opinion, when he unceremoniously desired her to hold her d——d *foolish tongue*, as she was speaking at random, and of what she did not comprehend.

To restrain my tongue, I now found difficult; but I merely contented myself with saying "Maria was *perfectly*

right: in fact," continued I, "when under my protection, her opinion was always considered as an oracle by me." You have *spoiled her a little* to be sure, Sir," replied Leander, endeavouring to conceal his chagrin; "but wives ought to be obedient to their husbands, as St. Paul observes."—Silence prevailed a few moments, when Leander started from his seat, and embracing Maria, said he believed he was a *brute*. During the remaining part of the day he continued in good humour; but I had seen enough of his temper to be convinced, that a disposition like Maria's could never be happy with such a man, and I retired to my chamber, deploring that fate which she had chosen for herself.

I was just stepping into bed, when my ears were startled by the loud tones of Leander's voice, abusing one of the servants, in language at which every gentleman ought to have blushed. In vain did the amiable girl endeavour to allay his fury, by saying, she was certain the servant had not intentionally disobeyed his commands, for his passion was then directed towards a new object, and he imprecated curses upon her devoted head. Never to be forgotten are the sensations which such savage barbarity inspired: sleep totally fled from my eye-lids, and my whole frame was agitated to a violent degree.

When we assembled at breakfast the next morning, Maria's swollen eyes told a melancholy tale: in vain she endeavoured to appear cheerful; but her husband appeared totally unconcerned, and addressed her with the same ease of manners as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. Though I had intended to pass a week with this ill-fated young woman, I would not have done it for five thousand pounds. The altercations of Adolphus and Amelia had disgusted me, but to witness the treatment this lovely creature met with, agonized my soul. She complained of indisposition after breakfast. Leander instantly took the alarm, flew to obtain medical assistance, and was all kindness, solicitude, and love. That this capricious mortal loves her is beyond dispute; but her life is an alternate scene of sun-shine and storm; for the slightest contradiction will put him out of temper, and the being who is entitled to all his tenderness, then appears to be an object of his hate. A letter by the post was a pretence for my departure; yet, with a heavy heart, I took

leave, and returned to my own peaceful habitation, more disgusted than ever with the marriage state.

That this world, Mr. Editor, is intended as a scene of *trial* and *probation*, does not admit of a doubt; and, in the next, I hope the amiable Maria will meet with her reward: but to see a being formed for domestic happiness united to a man whose tempestuous passions must embitter every moment of her life, is exposing myself to a sight which at once mortifies and afflicts me beyond what either my fortitude, or philosophy, can endure.

I remained at home after these unsatisfactory visits for the space of six months, when Horatio, a young man whom I had known from childhood, intreated me to pass a few weeks at his country seat. Horatio is as amiable in mind, as he is fascinating in manners; but, alas! fortune was blind to the attractive qualities of this youth; and though educated with the prospect of independence, upon the death of his father he found himself only master of about twelve hundred pounds: with this sum he purchased a place under government, the income of which was sufficient to support a single man, though inadequate to the expences of a family: he therefore resolved to lead a single life.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

MAC— BLUNDER.*

OUR lost assistant, poor Mac—, who was left behind, in consequence of going to Portsmouth in search of our cow, just as the ship was getting under weigh, is also among the unexpected passengers on board the eventful George and Bridget. After many unsuccessful attempts to overtake the Lord Sheffield he felt happy in meeting with a vessel with some of his comrades on board; and having discovered this ship, it had been extremely difficult to convince him that no birth could be had on board. His foot once upon deck, all further concern respecting accommodations was quickly removed. The narrative of his adventures, with and with-

* From Pinckard's Notes on the West Indies, a very interesting work, in 3 vols. lately published.

out the cow, has diverted us exceedingly. To comprehend his urgent proceedings, and rapid movements, it were necessary to know something of his figure and character. He is a little fat, sturdy man, of short, punch-like figure, between thirty and forty years of age, with a vast deal of good humour and willing activity about him—bustling, well-intending, and officiously desirous to be useful. He is confident, and presumptuous, yet possesses a degree of personal timidity bordering upon superstition. Abruptly familiar with those he seeks, he grows importunate, and attaches himself even to annoyance; being one of those people who have more of freedom than good manners—perfect masters in ease, and as perfectly ignorant in politeness. He is of that class which possesses more of willingness than judgment, more of haste than order; one of those who engage with bold confidence, in whatever presents itself, without looking to the event, or observing any thing of method in the execution,—who are ever ready to plunge into difficulties, without a thought how to subdue them.

The same sanguine feelings which lead him into difficulties, tend to support him through them. Not being of a disposition to brood over his distresses, he is seldom the subject of dismay, or the victim of *sombre* reflection. Involved in one dilemma, he commonly escapes from it by rushing headlong into a greater, and often by entailing future troubles, blunders on to his object—overcoming every impediment by forcing circumstances through all hazards to the end proposed; then, forgetful of the new difficulties he has created, piques himself upon the merit of having accomplished his design! His woes, you will believe, are frequent, but they are also transitory. He requires not the patient endurance of philosophy to support them—they pass quickly away, in all the hurry of thoughtless indifference.

From this sketch of his character you will learn, without surprise, that pecuniary difficulties have led to his present humble appointment. He had settled himself in busy London, in a situation of respectability, and which promised early independence; but from thoughtless habits, and a disposition ever regardless of the morrow, became involved beyond the power of extricating himself, and, at length,

brought on ills, which he now seeks to fly from, rather than hopes to remedy.

With several other gentlemen of the hospital staff, to whom the fore-cabin was allotted, Mac— was ordered to take his passage in the Lord Sheffield; and feeling both pleased and proud to be in the same ship with the person who had the direction of the department to which he belonged, he was always at hand when any thing occurred—always first to tender either useful or officious services.

It being an essential comfort to have plenty of milk on the passage, we had purchased a cow to take on board, as the best method of securing the accommodation; but owing to some neglect on shore, our valued animal had not reached the Lord Sheffield at the time the signal was made for sailing. This was a sad disappointment to us; for, to lose our cow, was a serious misfortune—even the apprehension of it was matter of much anxiety.—We applied to the captain to know how we could proceed with the greatest probability of procuring her; who saying that it was not an object for which he could delay the ship, added, that the only chance of having our milk was by sending off some person, instantly, to Portsmouth, who would bring the cow, without a moment's delay. Mac— hearing this, and being always desirous to make himself useful, immediately volunteered his services—nothing doubting of success. A boat, returning to the shore, was accordingly hailed, and away hurried Mac— for the cow; not once dreaming of the possibility of failure, nor that there could be any risk of his being left behind. The cow! the cow! he had no other idea—nothing but the cow occupied his mind! In the same unthinking haste in which he left the ship did he bustle on when he reached the shore. Proceeding without plan, and without thought, he looked only to the cow, and, in his hurry to bring her before the eye, neglected the means of conveying her to the ship. The propriety of engaging a boat to return in, not once occurred to him. No sooner did he reach the water's edge, than he jumped on shore, and ran off in search of the person's home, from whom the cow had been purchased: but he now discovered that, in his hurry, he had only carelessly listened to the address; and consequently much time was lost in finding out the house.

It happened, when at length he came to it, that the man was from home: and here he fell into another error. Instead of sending some one to fetch him, or taking with him some person who knew where to meet with the man, he, in all the impetuosity of thoughtless speed, blundered into further delay by running into the town, alone, to seek him: and after losing much time in finding him, instead of promoting all possible dispatch, and urging the man to the utmost expedition, he detained him, in tedious and useless explanations, as to the cause of his not sooner sending the cow on board. Another half hour was consumed in fruitless parley, when they reached the house; and there, feeling secure in having the cow and her master near him, it occurred to Mac—, that after all these exertions he required some refreshment, and, forgetting the pressure of the moment, he again added to the delay by quietly sitting down to relieve the calls of his stomach.

During all this time poor busy thoughtless Mac— never recollected that he had no boat hired, nor any means secured of taking the cow off to the ship. He had urged on, straight forward, and now seeing the man and the cow before him, felt as certain of success as though the undertaking had been completed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE.

A BLIND man had a wife whom he tenderly loved, although he had been frequently told she was extremely plain: a celebrated physician having offered to cure him, he refused him, saying, "I should then lose that love for my wife, in which my whole happiness now consists."

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

Gown of Cambric Muslin, and Straw-coloured Sarsnet; Spanish Cloak, trimmed with White Lace; Straw Hat.

FULL DRESS.

A short Dress of alternate Stripes of Pink Crape and Silk Net; an Under-Dress of White Sarsnet, ornamented with Lace; Head fashionably drest with Black Velvet and Silver Foil.

Sandoe del & sculp.

MORNING DRESS

FULL DRESS.

Published July 1st 1816 by Verner Hood & Sharp Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

*SHOOTER'S HILL.**

From "Wild Flowers."

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Lately Published.

HEALTH! I seek thee;—dost thou love
The mountain top or quiet vale,
Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove
On showery June's dark south-west gale?
If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,
With silent step, but not forlorn;
Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,
And woo thee each returning morn.

I seek thee where, with all his might,
The joyous bird his rapture tells,
Amidst the half-excluded light,
That gilds the fox-glove's pendant bells;
Where, cheerly up this bold hill's side
The deep'ning groves triumphant climb;
In groves Delight and Peace abide,
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

To hide me from the public eye,
To keep the throne of Reason clear,
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
I took my staff and wander'd here.
Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
And coveting no wealth but thee,
I nestle in the honied leaves,
And hug my stolen liberty.

* Sickness may be often an incentive to poetical composition; I found it so; and I esteem the following lines only because they remind me of past feelings which I would not willingly forget.

O'er eastward uplands, gay or rude,
Along to Erith's ivied spire,
I start, with strength and hope renew'd,
And cherish life's rekindling fire.
Now measure vales with straining eyes,
Now trace the church-yard's humble names;
Or climb brown heaths, abrupt that rise,
And overlook the winding Thames.

I love to mark the flow'ret's eye,
To rest where pebbles form my bed,
Where shapes and colours scatter'd lie
In varying millions round my head.
The soul rejoices when alone,
And feels her glorious empire free;
Sees GOD in every shining stone,
And revels in variety.

Ah, me! perhaps within my sight,
Deep in the smiling dales below,
Gigantic talents, heav'n's pure light,
And all the rays of genius glow
In some lone soul, whom no one sees,
With *power* and *will* to say "Arise,"
Or chase away the slow disease,
And want's foul picture from his eyes.

A worthier man by far than I,
With more of industry and fire,
Shall see fair Virtue's meed pass by,
Without one spark of fame, expire!
Bleed not my heart, it will be so,
The throb of care was thine full long;
Rise, like the Psalmist from his woe,
And pour abroad the joyful song.

Sweet Health, I seek thee! hither bring
Thy balm that softens human ills;
Come on the long-drawn clouds that fling
Their shadows o'er the Surrey hills.
Yon green-topt hills, and far away,
Where late as now I freedom stole,
And spent one dear delicious day
On thy wild banks, romantic *Mole*.

Aye, there's the scene!* beyond the sweep
Of London's congregated cloud,
The dark-brow'd wood, the headlong steep,
And valley-paths without a crowd!

* Box-hill, and the beautiful neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surrey.

Here, Thames, I watch thy flowing tides,
  Thy thousand sails am proud to see;
But where the *Mole* all silent glides
  Dwells Peace—and Peace is wealth to me.

Of Cambrian mountains still I dream,
  And mouldering vestiges of war;
By time-worn cliff or classic stream
  Would rove—but prudence holds a bar.
Come then, O Health! I'll strive to bound
  My wishes to this airy stand;
'Tis not for *me* to trace around
  The wonders of my native land.

Yet the loud torrent's dark retreat,
  Yet Grampian hills shall Fancy give,
And, towering in her giddy seat,
  Amidst her own creation live;
Live, if thou'lt urge my climbing feet,
  Give strength of nerve and vigorous breath;
If not, with dauntless soul I meet
  The deep solemnity of death.

This far-seen monumental tower
  Records th' achievements of the brave,
And Angria's subjugated power,
  Who plunder'd on the eastern wave.
I would not that such turrets rise
  To point out where my bones are laid;
Save that some wandering bard might prize
  The comforts of its broad cool shade.

O Vanity! since thou'rt decreed
  Companion of our lives to be,
I'll seek the moral songster's meed,
  An earthly immortality;
Most vain!—O let me, from the past
  Remembering what to man is given,
Lay Virtue's broad foundations fast,
  Whose glorious turrets reach to heav'n.

THE FARMER.

WHEN Sol from dark Aquarius turns away,
And gladly into gentler Pisces rolls,
The passive earth imbibes his forming ray,
And joy expands the jolly ploughman's soul.

He from the stable takes the obedient steeds,
And whistling, yokes them to the needful plough;
Then, unconcern'd, o'er the broad fen he leads,
To where their useful strength they tamely bow.

His nerves he plies, th' unsoften'd glebe to break,
'Till nature warns him of declining day;
Then glad, though slow, his homeward way he takes,
Whilst Sol gleams faintly his lack-lustre ray.

Thus he each morn renews his sturdy toil,
And fits the earth to admit the pregnant grain;
Heedless he casts it in th' appointed soil,
Unanxious how it may arise again.

Not so the master: he, with heartfelt care,
Watchful and anxious, views each varying cloud;
Fearful lest ought obscure his prospect fair,
Attentive, if the winds breathe soft or loud.

When early morning streaks her eastern arch
With varying dies, he quits his humble cot,
And circuits with precise and steady march,
Each rood within his circumscribed lot.

If from the dew-fraught clouds, in fertile showers,
The tender mercy of his God descends,
The springing grain shews vegetation's powers,
And lively hope his grateful heart distends,

The prospect varies, then with anxious fear
His soul is chill'd; his looks betray his mind:
He doubts if plenty shall his harvest cheer,
He doubts that God himself may prove unkind.

Thus, from the time in which the generous wheat
Is trusted to its fit recipient earth,
With apt vicissitude his heart doth beat,
One week with plenty, and the next a dearth.

If ever reader should these lines peruse,
And honour with a look my falt'ring verse,
Haply, he'll say, the folly of my muse
Mistakes the subject it would fain rehearse.

He'll say, I make the master of the scene,
If green in youth, fade into careful age,
With scarce a gleam of joy to intervene,
Discolouring with misery all the page.

Should it be thus, his candour I intreat
One moment more, while I the means explain,
Which makes the honest master's heart oft beat,
With fear his labour hath been spent in vain.

The man I have in view dwells on the shore,
Where sedgy Ouse his fat'ning stream inclines;
He wishes not for heaps of glittering ore,
The fatal produce of Peruvian mines.

But, bound by social life's dear various claims,
The duties of a son, husband, and sire,
Wait his attention, and perplex his aims:
To keep his mind from peace they all conspire.

He holds each tie by such a tender thread,
So closely woven in his manly heart,
One duty violation need not dread,
While his right hand keeps her dear native art.

Shield him, ye powers! with virtue's sacred train,
From every one by vice or folly wrought;
Let no false bait, or heart-corroding pain,
Disturb his peace of mind, by virtue taught.

Almighty Lord! in ev'ry shifting scene,
Which, in this field of hope, thy children know,
Be thou his staff, his shield, from mis'ries keen,
With tend'rest mercy bear him safely through.

His dear companions thro' this thorny road,
His little children, hear them when they pray;
Be thou the parents' and the childrens' God,
And crown them all with bliss at the *Last Day!*

VERSES,

On seeing, for the first time, the Lady of a celebrated Naval Commander.

BY DR. THOMAS BROWN.

YES! let the lasting page record
The darings of thy victor Lord;
Each throng of wondering foes withstood,
Then number'd only when subdued!
But, oh! the hand, that gives to shine
His full desert, must pencil thine.
For never, to this hour, (tho' still
With many a warm and anxious thrill,
My heart, thro' peril's paths of Fame,
Throbb'd, as it proudly trac'd his name;)
Never, till now, I felt the force
Which sways his spirit's fearless course.
A Life of Earth, in dull despair
Of bliss, even cowards well may dare:
But pure must be his flame, who free,
Yet risks a life, *made heaven by Thee.*

PARTING.

BY MRS. LE NOIR.

AND was it then my grief to spare,
That sullen and reserv'd you were;
That thus, unkind, you stole away,
Nor hinted 'twas the parting day?
How you, alas! my heart mistake,
If thus you left me for its sake.

When friendship joins each kindred heart,
It is a cruel task to part;
Yet, if by Fate's severe decree,
Such torture must inflicted be,
Better to wound in this respect
By tenderness, than by neglect.

To me the tender starting tear,
The sigh that heaves the breast sincere,
Gentle complaints, reproaches kind,
Hands severing, hearts more closely join'd,
The last embrace, the parting prayer,
Sweet in their sadness, soothing are.

While Fancy dwells on such a scene,
The pangs of absence feel less keen;
Each word, each look, is ponder'd o'er,
As misers prize their treasur'd store;
The heart will swell, the eyes may flow,
But 'tis with "Luxury of woe."

But, oh! without one parting look,
Inhumanly to be forsook—
Deprives my heart of all relief,
And gives new bitterness to grief;
And should we never meet again,
Will heighten to despair my pain.

TO NIGHT.

SWEET Night! resplendent with thy thousand eyes,
Friend of the wretched, solemn, and sublime!
To me thy gloom a transient calm supplies,
And joys renew, which, in the lapse of time,
Seem'd lost—my bosom thrills—return not day;
This solemn scene instructs the Muse's lay,
Each starry orb shoots forth a twinkling ray.

Sacred to Peace thy balmy opium pour,
Solace the weary, close grief's languid eye,
And with bless'd semblance soothe the present hour,
That from the world awhile each care may fly.
O, what a thought! what heavenly extasy!
Why check'd so soon by an obtrusive sigh?

Cannot the world one hour of peace possess?
Is every moment mark'd with human pain?
Do sickness, passion, vice, and keen distress,
O'er human nature hold perpetual reign?
Alas! stern truth!—to shun thy voice is vain,
E'en now pangs writhe the heart, and tears the pillow stain.

Soft fall the dew-drops on the thirsty leaf,
The nightly breeze regales the heated air;
Refresh'd, my bosom feels the kind relief;
Come, wandering Muse, my sweet sensations share!
This solemn scene instructs the Muse's lay,
Each starry orb shoots forth a twinkling ray.

CHARADES.

IN days of Chivalry long past
My first in battle shone;
By some broad river's current vast
My second stands alone.

My whole not quite an hundred miles
From London will be found;
A village 'tis, where gentry live,
In pleasure's pleasing round.

J. M. L.

My first shews the Rulers that sway o'er the earth,
From *my second* each flower first takes its new birth;
My whole shews a village of pleasant repose,
Where the social-form'd circle each pure pleasure knows.

J. M. L.

My first is a fetter,
Than a chain 'tis no better,
My second has water within it;
My whole is a village,
Well known for good tillage,
Find it out, my fair friends, in a minute.

J. M. L.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Crito*" came too late for this Number, but will appear in our next.

R's. favour is received, and the subject he mentions will form a striking feature in our Miscellany.

M's. "*Dramatic Sketch*" does not suit the Lady's Museum.

H. T's. "*Epitaph on a Hampstead Stock-Jobber*" is too ill-natured.

E. L's. "*Essay*" in our next.

G. P.—J. C.—J. M. L.—G.—and Eliza's favours are received.

"*Intrepid*" is requested to pay the postage of his next.

Jack Rustic's "*Ode*" is neither rhyme nor reason.

Olivia's "*Verses*" are only shreds and patches, stolen from various authors, and without connection.

**** We again request our Correspondents to send their Communications early, if they wish them to appear soon.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth.

Published by Vernor & C.° Aug.ª 1806